IT Microfictions and Vignettes

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Summary:

A bunch of microfictions and vignettes that revolves around a paranormal investigator's relationship with Pennywise

1. The Monster and the Monster Hunter

Call me a special snowflake, but I like to be scared. I mean, I may hate myself and regret the decisions that lead to me being a precarious situation, but I love the feeling afterwards. I loved being creeped out.

It's not a leap that I turned out this way. My parents were ghost hunters, claiming their only adversaries were Ed and Lorraine Warren. For my 13th birthday I got my own Mel Meter. I spent my 19th birthday in Waverly Hill's infamous body chute at three in the morning (would not recommend).

When my friends were going to college, I took a year to travel the country in my tiny house that I saved years for and writing about local ghost stories and urban legends for my blog. I spent a month in New Jersey looking for the Jersey Devil. It only took a week for the Mothman to rear its head in West Virginia. As the legend goes, bad luck follows and I blew a tire on my truck, leaving me stuck in Point Pleasant for the weekend.

Then, I came to Derry, Maine. I knew about the murderous alien clown creature that lived in the sewers and only surfaced every 27 years. You think people don't believe in Bigfoot or Champ, the American version of the Loch Ness Monster? Try finding someone who believes and/or has heard of that one. It has an amnesiac power and all records are from a friend of friend of friend or really it could have been from a book they read and were mixing things up.

I wasn't expecting it to take on a fascination with me. He'll cram himself my one cupboard and jump out at me and run of cackling; manifest in my dreams of failure, dead animals and needles. I wake every time in a puddle of my own sweat, clutching my chest, but with a grin on my face. It's like loving pain and pressing on a really good bruise.

He's impossibly tall, taller than any person I've met with a forehead for days. He has teeth like a psychotic rabbit when he's not looking for a meal. He says to call him Pennywise but if you press him further, he'll explain that his true name is not one human vocal cords

‘could not begin to utter.’ Technically, it’s not even a he. Sex and gender where he’s from is beyond human comprehension. He feeds on fear and likes children the best because they are easier (lazy alien clown), but always reminds me that I’m just as viable. Maybe he really is a guy, because he sure talks about it a lot but has never made the move to do so.

“Have you thought about manifesting as Sallie Mae? You’d scare the shit out of my generation if you did that.”

“I’m not opposed to it,” He giggled maddeningly.

I’m not entirely sure he knows what I was talking about…

Recently, he’s taken a liking to my hypnagogic hallucinations and sleep paralysis. I’ll wake up just enough to see that he’s straddling my chest, nose to nose unable to move, his rabbit like teeth replaced with rows and rows of fangs; or I’ll barely wake up and see bloody words written on my walls, always reminding that he could eat me whenever he wanted.

Sometimes he’ll just settle for annoying me; causing my computer to crash and losing all my files, sending strong weather my way, threatening to tip my house over. The worst is the bells. The tiny jingly bells on his clown suit. Whenever I want quiet, I get the bells.

2. Wondering

I laid in bed, turned toward my alien-clown-with-benefits-maybe-sorta-lover sitting in my armchair, just enough light from the moon illuminating his presence. We just fucked and he was regarding me as though a starving man eyed a warm meal. He looked like that most days, honestly.

The clouds didn't obstruct the bright and beautiful full moon – his doing. He knew I loved the moon and used whatever powers he had to move the thick clouds. That was usually as generous he was, the nondescript kind of generous, the kind that could have been his doing, but also probably not. Let's just say I never expected flowers and candy from him.

I looked at him, but curiously. Did those red lines on his face mean anything? Were they a signature part of his true form, like a freckle on a human face? I knew his face was painted up like Victorian clown, but were just a part of his skin as though he was born that way rather than makeup.

Sex always ended with a bang for us. He wasn't happy until he was sure I would limp the next day and have lurid hickeys, bruises and scratches all over my body, reminding me that I was his. I was fairly certain he saw me just a bit more than a pet. He believed his species was superior to the humans.

Was procreation possible? Didn't his DNA spin the other way than mine and the rest of the human race's? If so, it was bound to happen, not if, but when. I truly doubted such a thing was worth thinking about it.

"So, would you eat your own children?" I asked.

He grinned manically, "Only if they looked as good you do right now."

3. Crossroads

I was at a moral and professional crossroads. I had fallen for my subject, the alien from another dimension, who could (and wanted to) literally eat me and who tortured children to make them taste better.

I had come to Derry, Maine with my tiny house in tow searching for Pennywise the Dancing, sewer dwelling Clown like I had countless other cryptids and ghosts, to write about for my blog. Well, he made his presence known my first night and I became too wrapped up in our sordid love affair to think about much else.

I had to be in Villisca, Iowa in a few days to write about the infamous axe murders. I wanted to ditch it all, set up my forever home in Derry and go down on the clown for the rest of my life, be it natural causes or he finally decided to eat me. Even then, I was only buying myself a few more months. He was only active for a year, then hibernated for 27. I would be 53 on his next go around.

I knew he had no concept of human beauty and he decided he wanted to pick up where we left off, wouldn't care if I was wrinkly and my tits sagged, but I didn't want him to see me that way.

I never expected to 'settled down' with him. I knew it was just sex and companionship. In his own approximation of it, he did love me and I loved him. He changed his smell for me, from a reeking sewer dweller to petrichor. He moved clouds for me so I could see the moon and stars. He protected me when I was thousands of miles from any family or friends. This was never going to be a forever thing.

My readers wanted new content. I was already starting to get comments and messages about my next post. If I reported on his existence what would happen? Would people believe me? Would religious zealots flock to Derry en masse to exorcise him for being an evil entity? Would the government swoop in and experiment on him like they did ET? Not that he would allow that of course. Worse yet, would Earth try to get him to be spokesperson for his kind and other aliens out there? I can see him trying to sit through the UN meetings, happily gnawing on the President's foot, shoving pencils up his nose,

totally unfit for such a situation.

“There’s other scary stuff in Maine, y’know?” He said, reading my thoughts, his hairless brows bobbing up and down. “Plenty of other stuff to write about for the rest of the year.”

Guess my decision was made for now. Future me would deal with the rest.

4. Life with Pennywise

Pennywise is never far from my mind. He is a fascinating, annoying, and terrifying presence in my life. I never had this close of contact with a subject and he alludes to the idea that there are more like him. I want to understand him and where he comes from. I only know the bare basics about him. He's an alien from another dimension. His name is not pronounceable with human vocal cords. Technically, he is not a he, just that the closest representation of his true self is a male by human standards. He is millions of years old. Something about being pure energy and a giant spider… He had some sort of quarrel with a turtle?

When he's not with me (which is 99% of his time), he's in the sewers hiding or doing whatever aliens do. He used to also hide in an old house and scare anyone who dared come within his reach. Inside was the old well that supplied the city in its first few years. He would often use that well as access to and from the sewers. I'd never venture to either one or want think of all the places my mouth has been on the body of something that spends it's time in the sewers. I think he liked having that house, he still complains about a kid who insulted it.

"He called it a crack house! I know what crack is!" He exclaims, indignantly.

"Well, you did live in a crack house." I reply.

"That's not the point!" He huffs and pouts.

I try to puzzle him out. Are we talking Mass Effect like aliens who are civilized or xenomorphs that are more animalistic? He's obviously intelligent and sentient so the rest of his species must be too. Did he come from an established society? Did he have parents or some sort of family line?

I decided to try to interview him one day. I expected it to be like herding squirrels. He doesn't have the greatest attention span. I wasn't sure what I would do with the information, I couldn't slap it on my blog proclaiming I had managed to interview a cryptid. No

one would take me seriously ever again. It's ironic, I run a paranormal blog were my readers want this kind of contact, but the minute I make real and tangible contact with a subject like I have with Pennywise and put it out there, I'd be fitted for a strait jacket.

"Where are you from?" I asked, my phone recording us. Most paranormal phenomenon messed with electronics. His presence never caused such a thing.

He thought for a moment, then grabbed my hand and led me outside. He looked up at the sky, spun in a half circle and moved a few feet past my house.

"Right there," He said pointing to a spot in the sky.

For all I knew, he could be pointing to an arbitrary spot.

Suddenly, he starts sniffing like a bloodhound, creeping up on a scent.

"I can smell the internet." He says and is gone.

I am left there trying to understand his thought process but decide it's better not to.

A few days later, I was able to understand what he meant. Prior to the 'I smell the internet' thing, I had gotten a hate comment on one of my posts. It was the same dribble most women get when taking up space online, 'I'll rape you till you die cunt' and mansplaining how I was wrong about everything. It was an unfortunately common occurrence.

I thought nothing of it, that it was just some guy who was angry that he couldn't get off. I deleted the comment and reported it to my hosting domain.

The next day, I was at the grocery store stocking up for the week. A fat hand reached for the same box of cereal I was grabbing for and we both knocked it to the ground. I bent to pick up when I noticed this person had a literal bite mark in his chubby, hairy calf. I stood thinking that maybe he ran into a grumpy dog. He looked at me like most people look at Pennywise.

“Are you okay, dude?” I asked.

“I’m sorry!” He exclaimed, running out of the store.

Later that day, I got an email about the comment from my host saying the user had lost their account privileges. It displayed the comment in question and the user’s avatar. It was the man from the grocery store.
Just looking at this slovenly and sweaty guy, I could see why Pennywise only took a chunk of his leg. He does have some dietary standards it seems.

Living with him has been a weird experience. It’s like living with a komodo dragon. It could probably kill you. He may humanoid, but he was still a bit feral. Yeah, I have a feral clown living with me.

Most of his knowledge about humans is outdated or he simply has no concept of something. His contact with humans was limited to stalking and eating them before he met me. He knew what sex was, it’s purpose and how humans do it. He had the broad strokes, but not the fine details. I’d thought he die of an orgasm when I introduced him to period sex.

He understands most human limitations (and disregards or exploits them), that when we’re born, we’re more or else stuck with our appearance. I found him watching shows about plastic surgery on my laptop and the only word that seemingly encapsulates his feelings towards surgery is: barbaric; that humans, sometimes electively, will let other humans tear us open, move stuff around, add something new or take something away completely. More irony. I would assume the healthcare system where he’s from is quite different. Not all of us are shapeshifters like you are, Penn.

He’s not actually a clown, he knows just as much about the persona to lure victims in. A clown is just the form he likes the best; it helps him catch his meals and scares people, a win-win for him. Kids (an easy target) like clowns and people fear them.
An annoying thing he does is taking my things. I lost so many pairs of panties to that dumb clown alien. He took my fluffy makeup powder brush AND my favorite highlighters (as in the writing utensil and makeup product). He even stole my favorite blanket.

What will he take next? My favorite novel? Can he even read English? Does his species have a writing system?
He likes to watch me cook, which is funny since he lives on a raw diet. I probably should detest him, but obviously, his species is higher on the food chain than humans. Maybe I'm rationalizing it. We shouldn't mess with the natural order of things. I am rationalizing it.

I gave him War Heads candy once and he has been constantly sucking on one or six, grimacing at the sourness and drooling. I want to give him Pop Rocks next. I plan to actually cook a simple meal for him, just to see what'll happen.

He drank one of my perfumes, too, thinking it was potable. Maybe it was to him, it didn't seem to bother him.

I watched in horror as a $90 liquid slid down his throat.

"That was Marc Jacobs, you idiot!" I screeched.

He didn't understand.

"You spray it on yourself to smell good." I explained, tersely.

"You smell tasty to me without it." He shrugged.

I took the bottle from his gloved hand, cradling it like an injured bird. "It wasn't for you to enjoy."

He took my phone while I was napping. He found YouTube watched four cat videos, three Lady Gaga music videos (good taste, my clown alien), one and half makeup tutorials and seven from NASA about aliens and our galaxy. In between videos, he texted my mom for an hour.

Mom: Hi, honey, are you still in Maine?

Pennywise: The main Maine mane!!!!!!!!

Mom: Clever. How is your article coming?

Pennywise: Stupendously!!!!!!!

Mom: That's good, Dad and I were getting curious, you've never stayed somewhere this long before.

Pennywise: I met someone!!!!

Mom: Really?

Pennywise: He's a real looker, too!!1!1

Mom: Is he from Maine?

Pennywise: Sort of!!!! :D

Mom: You're acting strange, are you drunk?

Pennywise: What's drunk? That sounds fun!!

I started to wake up around this point and haven't heard back from Mom. I have no idea how I'll explain this. Guess he can read English.

He may take my stuff, but he'll also bring me stuff. He's brought me a beautiful and ornate vintage jewelry box that was probably made before my grandparents were born; a handful of marbles, a key that is probably older than the country, a freshly molted feather from a raven, a raw amethyst and a single earring that looked like it was from the 80s.

I think he sees me as his human, someone worthy of his attention and protection (while still wanting to eat me. That's the ultimate possession, I guess?). I think his gifts are endearing, but the second he brings a snack with him and/or one for me, we're going to have issues.

It all leaves me wondering is this how his species shows romantic affection. How does his species mark their loved ones to show the rest of society that they are off the market? Bringing gifts, spending a lot of time with their significant other and a possessive protection while still wanting to eat me is my best guess.

I am protected by a bucktooth, feral clown.

Yep.

5. Magic Hands

Summary for the Chapter:

Here be the smut

I first felt him in the early afternoon. I was at a local diner, interviewing an elder about Pennywise sightings in the fifties. It was a simple touch of fingertips gently running up and down my back. Pennywise himself was nowhere to be seen. I knew he had this power and used it quite often, just to remind me that he was there and watching, that I am an owned human. However, he never used it erotically. I was beginning to wonder when he'd put two and two together.

Goosebumps erupted over my skin and I wanted to curl into the feeling, wanting more, but kept my focus on the interview.

"Gosh, he's gotta be at least 6'4, but my buddy Carl says he can get even bigger." My interviewee said, shock in his thick Maine accent.

"Oh, he can…?," I replied, it started out as a statement of agreement, but I was able to tack on an inflection of questioning at the end. It wasn't the smoothest of recovers, but it worked.

"We saw him as far as Eastport last September," A woman said, cradling her toddler on her hip outside the bank, later in the afternoon. "My husband saw him hiding under the docks at low tide." The toddler covered her ears in fright.

Little did she know, that I brought him with me to Eastport for the Pirate Festival. I dutifully recorded the notes for show, as his fingertips played xylophone across my ribcage.

"Dude, he like, eats people," A teenager said emphatically as he stopped wiping down a table at Derry's favorite pizza place. "Who does that?" Pennywise's hands were caressing my inner thighs under my jeans.

By the time I got home, my skin was already on fire with arousal and

my panties were dampening. It was such a naughty thing, being caressed and fondled by an invisible monster in public. There he was waiting for me like he owned the place. I said nothing, simply grabbing him by the fabric of his top and pulling him to my lips.

His lips pressed against mine, sparing no time in forcing his tongue through my lips. I wrapped my arms around his back, pulling him as close to me as possible. It was times like these, when I still had some brain function that wasn't clouded by lust, that I was Frenching and about to fuck a godlike alien dressed as a clown. It was both hilariously ridiculous and earthshattering. He chose me. This being chose me. My arousal spiked.

He drops his lips to my neck, kissing and biting me, drool spilling down my shirt. After sex, my body is a crime scene. I always look like I have been assaulted with bite marks, hand prints and bruises littering my body, covered in blood, saliva and cum. I may be somewhere between being his mate and his personal sex toy, but damn it's fun. He trails the side of my neck with his tongue. "What are you thinking about, little one? I can smell you…"

"You," I whisper, my breath caught in my throat.

"Louder!" He orders, pulling at the neck of shirt to expose my shoulder and bites shallowly into the skin, licking the welling blood.

"You!" I exclaim, hissing at the not so pleasant feel of being bitten, but the pain is still good.

He draws a heart in the blood.

I jump when I hear the theme music to the Addam's Family; my dad's ringtone. I sigh in annoyance and drop my forehead against Pennywise's shoulder.

"Hi Daddy," I answered as Pennywise palmed my breast and sucked at my neck.

"Your daughter calls me daddy, too," Pennywise cackled, dangerously close to the receiver.

"What was that?" Dad asked. I couldn't tell if he heard Pennywise or

not. I was mortified regardless.

“Nothing, just the TV.” I said, pushing Pennywise away by his face. He gave me a warning bite to assert his dominance.

“Oh, okay.” Dad replies, “Listen, honey, Mom and I will be in that neck of the woods next month. We’ll be in Baltimore investigating the Edgar Allan Poe House. We’d love to see you!”

My brain is too fuzzy to understand what he’s saying because of the feral clown attached to my throat and with wicked hands. “Yeah, sure, that sounds great,” I slap my hand over my mouth to suppress a squeal of pleasure when Pennywise fingers my nipple through my shirt.

“Wonderful! I’ll call you lat...”

I cut Dad off quickly, “Okayloveyoutoobye,” I say before disconnecting the call.

Pennywise backs me into the wall with the thud of my back, kissing me with such passion. He grabs my left leg and drapes it over his hip, offering me a feel of his straining erection under his linen pants. Suddenly, he stops. My eyes open to see what the deal is and he staggers back. His expression is pained and…scared? Cracks start appearing all over his body. Just as he was about to let out what I was sure to be an ungodly scream, he falls apart and disappears.

My chest heaves and heart thunders. I notice it’s quiet. No birds to be heard, no crick of a cricket. This isn’t right. I plow through the door and see nothing and no one. I jog down the short gravel road that leads to town and see nothing and no one. The whole town of Derry is deserted. No kids on their bikes, no elders sitting outside on Main Street shooting the breeze, no frazzled housewives running errands, no teenagers glued to their cell phones.

Call mom. That’s my first thought. I hope to god that my cell phone is my pocket and it is. It’s just that there’s no contacts in my phone, no text messages, no incoming or outgoing calls when I knew I had at least two unanswered texts and that call from Dad. My chest feels heavy and skin prickles with fear. Nothing and no one on Instagram,

Facebook, Snapchat…no content or people.

I am alone in the world. I have been abandoned. I lose all power in my body and slump to the ground. My once heated blood turns to ice and pricks at me from the inside. What am I going to do? I can't do this, I can't do this, I can't do this, I can't do this.

Suddenly, I am staring at orange eyes and I back home with Pennywise. I can once again hear the world outside my home. "Boo! Scare ya?" He asked wickedly, howling with laughter like it's the funniest thing he has ever seen.

Before I can comprehend what just happened, his demon-like claws pierce through his white gloves and tear through my shirt and jeans. I am standing there in the rags of my clothes. He pops the elastic of my bra straps and slices through my panties.

He continues biting, nipping, licking and kissing down my body, drawing more blood and writing his name and drawing more hearts all over my body. I have never seen a more erotic and grotesque sight.

He stares at my breast for a bit longer than a human would. I doubt before mine, he hasn't seen much of any but seems to like them. He gleefully cups them in his large hands and I notice that his gloves are gone. I sigh at the feeling of his skin against mine. His fingers twirl my nipples as he kisses me, our tongues twisting together. I groan into his mouth as he pinches at them, the feeling shooting into my spinal cord to my vulva.

"Such a good girl for daddy," He croons gravelly.

God, that voice of his alights every nerve I have in delight.

Pennywise kisses down the front of my throat, occasionally dragging the tips of his teeth down my torso. He cups my Venus Mound and easily slides two fingers into me; those long, elegant and spindly fingers that I want to suck on and can turn my body into a writhing mess on the floor.

His other hand grabs me by my throat, limiting my air to a tiny

amount. My head becomes even fuzzier and all the pleasure I am feeling intensifies. I am just on the edge of passing out. My brain cells may be dying and I'll probably lose all my knowledge of math after we're done, but it feels too good to beg him to stop, as though he would.

His fingers pump faster and faster into me, creating obscene noises that are only drown out by my own muted wailing. My skin begins to buzz and flush, I'm so close to that incredible precipice, but he yanks his fingers out seconds before I fall. I suck in a lungful of air as he releases my throat.

He licks his fingers clean with a wicked shit eating grin on his face. I am left there dangling, trying to catch my breath. "My turn," He says pressing my head down. I get the message and drop to my knees.

A good thing about fucking an alien; he can have multiple orgasms and no refractory period; more time to play and more fun while at it.

I caress his heavy and warm cock in my hands and his eyes flutter shut. He feels good in my hands and inside me. I kiss the tip, almost in reverence of the being it's attached to and of how much pleasure the organ can bring me. I swipe my tongue along the slit, drawing the precum that has settled there into my mouth.

I bring him into my mouth as deep as he can go and alternate between sucking and licking. Pennywise's hand curls into a fist, fighting the urge to shove himself down my throat more than I can accommodate. I accidentally bit him the first time. He's learned.

I cuddle his balls in my hand, drawing a groan from the clown. I am able to keep the suction and drag my teeth down his cock which causes that fist to suddenly pound violently into my bottom cabinets. I grin, knowing I caused that.

I bob my head faster and harder on his cock and moments later, he grunts and spills into my mouth. I wasn't a swallower before, but damn, the thought of swallowing his is hot.

"That's it….take it…take it all…" He moans.

He recovers his breath and throws me over his shoulder, smacking my ass hard before walking the few steps to my (our?) bedroom and depositing me on the bed.

“My beautiful little human,” he hums, his eyes alight. I love his eyes whether they are blue or orange. They are bright and full of life and personality regardless of their color. I don’t know if it’s a natural attribute he was born with or something he does himself. Those eyes could dance me of Niagara Falls if he so desired.

Pennywise swings my legs over his shoulders. Eating me out and licking up my blood is the closest he seems to want to get to eating me while still tasting me. He gives me a long and languid lick up my vulva. I toss my head back in a moan, grinding my nails into the bedding beneath me.

“Tell me who owns this fucking pussy,” He growls against me, his voice vibrating against my soaking flesh.

“You do, Pennywise!” I holler.

He chuckles a slides his tongue against my clit. He sucks at it while replacing his fingers. They curl upwards and I nearly bolt off the bed when he hit the right spot. He chuckles once more against me. He switches and his tongue slides into me as his fingers roll my clit. I am thrashing my head back and forth, unintelligible noises and words spilling from my mouth.

Just as I am about to climax, he stops again. I whine at the sudden cessation of the pleasurable stimuli, feeling like a frayed and exposed nerve. He crawls on the bed and positions himself above me.

We’ve never fucked where he’s totally naked, just a few strategically popped buttons. I’ve never felt more than the skin of hands, face or cock against my own. While I would love for the all physical barriers between us to come down, I love him in his costume. His silhouette is gorgeous in it; the smooth taper of his waist and his long and lean legs accentuated by his close-fitting pants. Even with the puffs around his arms and midsection, he cuts an intimidating figure. When the sex is the best, I find myself biting into his ruffled collar to keep the cops from being called.

He thrusts hard into me, drooling like a dog, never allowing me to adjust to his size. God, he probably would've eaten my hymen if he had the chance. I freeze in pleasure and my breath is caught in my throat. It is then that I know that I could never have sex with another person and feel even half the pleasure and connection I feel with Pennywise.

"You belong to me, little girl," He asserts, reading my mind.

Of all the men and women I've slept with, Pennywise knows how to fuck me the best.

God, those fucking bells. They jingle like a Christmas carol as he pounds into me, a Christmas Carol from a Rob Zombie flick. I'll never be able to hear them the same way again.

We are holding onto each other for dear life as his thrusts become more erratic. "I'll make you float, too, now." He whispers into my neck.

Our orgasms rip through us seconds apart from each other. I swear, this must be what being struck by lightning feels like. I scream his name as he fills me impossibly full, leaking onto the bed. We clutch each other as we return to earth.

Still panting, he tore a bell of his sleeve, placed it in my palm, closing my hand around it. His kissed my closed fist and was gone.

"Does this mean we're married?" I asked to open air.

His only answer was the feeling of a hand pressing into the skin above my heart.

6. E.L. James, Eat Your Heart Out

Summary for the Chapter:

Here's more smut, you filthy animals!

Notes for the Chapter:

Prompt: Eventual fic where Penn is into BDSM and doesn't mind getting naked?
Author's note: I got this prompt after I started vignette 6 – which involves the reader buying and renovating the Neibolt house so she can stay close to Pennywise. Since the first smut piece is doing so well and someone requested this one, I wanted to strike while the iron is hot and get this one out there. I'll post the prequel to this one in a few days.

I find myself naked and preternaturally frozen in place, completely unable to move. I am happily, willingly, ensnared by the creature called IT again.

We're in the newly renovated Neibolt house, our home, in our bedroom. I spent weeks bringing this house back to life. Pennywise spent hours gleefully tearing out and destroying what I didn't want to keep. He finds it peculiar that he has a house now, saying he's a real human now with a bright smile. I don't have the heart to tease him about paying the mortgage.

He's coming through with his promise to fuck me in every room. He's naked this time, the first time I've seen him this way. His bare feet pad on the wood floor as he circles me like prey. His hard and proud erection and heavy, virile balls bob and swing with his every move. He is long and lean, sinewy. There's power and strength in his body to keep him quick and agile, with a wide grin on his face and a riding crop that he somehow found in his hand. He is the perfect predator.

E.L. James – eat your heart out.

He gets like this every so often, he'll become more dominant, more sadistic. Though our regular sex life is anything but vanilla. He won't gag me, he likes my noises, nor will he blindfold me. He likes that I watch him, him knowing that I know I am fucking a monster, him seeing my eyes widen with pleasure and pain, my pupils blown out.

He bends the crop on the heel of his palm and releases it with a thwack, smacking my ass. Electrical pain and pleasure shoot through my body like sparks. I choke out a gasp and arch. He continues this several times all across my body; my thighs, my breasts and my back. He takes no concern over the human anatomy, coming dangerously close to highly sensitive or health threatening areas. He comes very close to hitting my kidneys, my spine and sciatic nerve. These places were not nearly as fun as others and each time he skirted around them or actually hit them, I call out in pain, tears nearly falling.

I took the pain, now I get the pleasure. He laves his wicked tongue over my breast and nipples. I sigh, blissfully. He bites the inside of my breast and I yelp. The blood trickles down my best and ends just about my navel. It is warm and sticky. I like it.

"Maybe one day these beauties will get more use than for my pleasure."

He draws me in for a kiss, his buck teeth clacking against mine. He tastes like everything I love it life. And god, those sinful, plump lips of his. Who knew a monster was such a good kisser? Our tongues twirl together as his saliva spills onto my chest, diluting the blood, causing it to run lower. I want to grab him, pull him to me, my arms around his neck and legs around his waist. I can't. He has me right where he wants me to be and it's a powerful aphrodisiac for both of us.

Pennywise pulls away and looks over my shoulder, thinking. I'm anxious about what he's planning; his eyes, for once completely centered, zeroed in. He steps away and I can hear him take something from my dresser. He pours hot melted wax from my favorite candle down my back. I yelp, but the burning feels magnificent, like jumping into a hot bath. It soothes any lingering pain from the crop.

He smells my neck. He isn't trying to smell my perfume or the scent of the wax. He's smelling my fear. I always have a healthy fear of him, knowing just what he is capable of, like one would have living with a pet tiger. It may look cute and cuddly, but it would eat your face given the chance.

To keep my fear up and to remind me of who is playing with me, an alien claw snakes around my midsection while his human hand cups my dripping vulva. The skin of his alien hand is dry, cracked and calloused, like the pad of dog's paw with literally razor-sharp claws. Those claws could eviscerate me in seconds. My heart thuds in my chest, mixing fear and arousal.

"That's my girl," He says in approval, smacking my ass with an open palm, but peppering my neck with kisses.

His human hand returns to my vulva, languidly caressing my labia and clitoris. My head falls back on his shoulder and I can feel his hot breath on my cheek. I relish the feeling of being so close to him. My impending orgasm begins to bloom.

Suddenly, my invisible bonds are released. Not expecting it, a drop to the floor. His claw returns to human.

"Bed. Now." Pennywise orders, snapping his fingers and pointing to the bed.

I hurry to my feet and sit on the bed, facing him. One day, I don't know how, I will turn these tables. Bits of dried wax are stuck to his torso from being pressed behind me. He has smears of my blood on him. It's as close as I can get to marking him as mine and I love the way it looks on him.

"Spread your legs for me."

I slowly open my legs, making him savor the experience. His saliva is nearly knee length when I am on full view to him.

He rushes upon me, tossing my legs over his shoulders as he sucks on my clit. I fall back on the bed, a twitching and writhing mess. I moan and call out his name. He bites my inner thigh, lapping up the blood

before delving his tongue into me.
His fingers come up to swirl my swollen clitoris, aching for his special attention. I knew he would back off when he knew I was getting close to the edge. He either gives me one earth shattering, toe curling orgasm or dozens throughout the night, testing my limit until I am exhausted and over sensitive.

He grabs a fistful of my hair, yanking my head to meet his yellow eyes. My breath hitches at the delightful tugging.

“Who do you belong to, human?” He growls.

“I belong you to, Pennywise.” I answer. I would have said his true name if I could produce such sounds, I am so enamored.

He plunges into me, stretching me. I moan loudly, sure the neighbors heard. I don’t care, I’ll send Pennywise after them like a vicious attack dog later if they come around. I want to enjoy my fun. He pounds into me so hard, I bet I’ll have a bruise from his pubic bone hitting mine. I claw into his back, feeling his blood well under my fingers. He laughs and kisses me.

I draw angel wings in his blood.

We explode together in a fiery pit of ecstasy. We scream each other’s names as he spills his scalding seed into me. We collapse together, holding one another tightly.

We spent the rest of the night eating ice cream, naked in bed, watching horror movies. Welcome home, Pennywise.

One room down.

7. Paradise is Coming Undone

random prompt anon: do you do prompts for quotes? i like the way you write and there is a quote i love "i was supposed to be a safe harbor for you. but i have storms of my own too" because i'm feeling sad. sorry for asking if you don't do prompts like that

I think I'm being stalked by the town librarian.

I just keep running into him. Is he really stalking me? Derry is a small place, maybe a couple thousand in a smallish area. I've never lived anywhere where the same people are routinely seen. Then again, I never lived in a small city either.

It started when I went to the library. I wanted to research Derry to find out why Pennywise crash landed here, if there was any reason at all, Ley lines perhaps? Pennywise wanted to come (in human form of course) because of 'fond memories' he had had there, but got distracted with a gumball machine. While the space cadet was occupied, I went to the front desk to apply for a library card. I had noticed that most of Derry's information and history was not online, so I had to resort to the old way of research; actual books.

The head librarian was black man in 30's or 40's was dressed nicely. "Hi," I smiled, "I'd like to apply for a library card."

"We'll get you all fix up," He smiled and turned to his computer. "I just need you to fill this out." He said, handing me a clipboard with a form.

"Sure," I replied, setting my phone down next to me.

The librarian stared intently, seemingly in shock and disbelief at my phone. I followed his eyes and realized he was staring at an orange pom-pom from Pennywise's costume he had given me. I had cleaned it and turned it into a phone charm.

His eyes lost all their cheerful happiness and our interaction became clipped. I left the library wondering what the hell happened. I felt awkward, like I did something wrong.

Pennywise, on the other hand, had no idea how a gumball machine worked, so he just stuck his hand up the retrieval bin and got his hand stuck. Apparently, he was unable to break free, so he just ripped his hand off and regenerated a new one like a lizard. He left his hand hanging out of the gumball machine too. I gave him a stick of gum from my purse as we drove home and he chewed happily on it.

The next day, the librarian showed up on my doorstep with the historical society. After I bought and renovated 29 Neibolt street, the society wanted to list it as a landmark. Through them, I would be able to receive grants to keep up the place. The librarian looked like he was about to puke and scream. I was expecting the society, I wasn't expecting him.

In the middle of introductions, I heard footsteps on the staircase. I turned and saw Pennywise in his human form, his hand on the bannister.

"Hey, Mikey," Pennywise grinned madly at the librarian.

I put two and two together. This guy had run into Pennywise before and lived, a meal that got away. The librarian said nothing, holding Pennywise's eyes for a moment, before bolting out the door. The rest of the society looked concerned and sent someone to check on him, but started a tour of the house regardless. He rejoined towards the end, but Pennywise kept close, like a tiger protecting his den.

My heart was thudding in my chest. This could not be good. Am I a target just as much as Pennywise? If I'm not what if I get caught in the crosshairs? I wasn't worried about Pennywise. I knew he was more than capable of taking care of himself.

The librarian was the last one out after the tour. Before he departed, he nearly closed the heavy front door, so no one outside would hear him.

"I don't know what's going on with you two or if you're really who I think you are," He said, pointing to Pennywise, who feigned obnoxious innocence, "I will call everyone else and put you where you belong like we did last time." He threatened. With one last look at me, he was gone out the door.

“You want to tell me what’s going on?” I asked Pennywise as I locked the door.

“Not really.” He replied as he followed me up the stairs. “It doesn’t concern you.”

I spun to face him at the staircase landing, he was still on the step below me. “Look, Penn, I don’t know anymore. I can’t and don’t want you to stop eating what comes natural to you, but I can’t reconcile it in my head that you’ve killed nearly half of the population of Derry! I was supposed to be a safe harbor for you, get it, but I have storms of my own too, you know. I know they are trivial to you and the rest of the world, but they matter to me and you don’t care. I took you in and kept you safe. I didn’t expose you to the entire world like I could have. I’m doing this all at my own risk, of you and those people you pissed off a long time ago. Maybe I just want some assurance that I’m safe?”

“You’re safe from them and you know that.”

I noticed how he specifically mentioned that I was safe from them. I could still be a meal to him. Well, they were people just like me and were bound by human laws. At least I had that on my side.

“I think you should sleep downstairs tonight. I don’t want you in the sewers, but I don’t want you in my bed either.”

8. In the Making

It's the first cool day of autumn and I'm sitting in the window seat overlooking the front yard. Steam billows from the neighbor's car and a yellow school bus zooms by. I can smell the burning but pleasant smell of the newly installed heater filling and warming the house. I'm in my sweatpants from high school and a baggy tee shirt. Autumn has finally arrived and it's nice and cozy. The sky is grey towards the east like a storm could blow in at any moment.

"Whatcha doing?" Pennywise asks, appearing out of nowhere. I jump a little and he cackles.

"Just watching the world go by," I reply.

"That sounds boring." He replies plainly.

I giggle, "You're always speaking your mind, huh, Penn?"

He looks confused, "I'm not supposed to?"

I laugh a bit. "Why did you call yourself Pennywise the Dancing Clown?"

"I dunno." He shrugs.

I give him a look, urging him to continue.

"Really!" He asserts, like he's on trial, "I like pennies. They are absolutely useless for their intended purpose! How absurd! Wise is something good, right? Humans want to be wise? And I chose a clown since people either love or are afraid of clowns, especially when I came around. People *loved* clowns, especially the kids. Clowns were like, I dunno Lady Haha back then. I'm either attracting them or scaring them! And, I like dancing sooooo."

"Really, you like dancing, huh? Well show me some moves." I get up and go to my laptop and scroll through Spotify for a moment. I chose an instrumental version of 'Vampire Heart' by HIM. I think he'll like it. It's quick, but dramatic.

He says nothing, but pulls me by the waist towards him, he moves me to the music like a marionette, never breaking eye contact. He spins and dips me low at the towards the end, snapping me back up at the final note. It left me breathless and not from the dancing.

“Damn you’re good.” I said.

Eventually we make it to the bedroom that afternoon for a nap. Pennywise always slept naked. There is something different about today. Pennywise lets me undress him, his eyes are swirled blue and yellow, mixing the emotions that accompany those colored irises like a turbulent galaxy. He bends down slightly, allowing me to remove his ruff and peel off his gloves one finger at a time. I slowly unbutton his doublet as he unlaced his boots and shimmied out of his trousers. Usually, if he wants to be naked, he just dematerializes his costume.

He picks me up and carries me the short distance to the bed, “Aren’t you a lucky a human, you get me to play with.” He teases.

“Oh, I’m something,” I reply, grabbing his hand and yanking him under the covers with me.

We made out before we both fell asleep. I have to actively stop us from going further because Pennywise doesn’t understand that sometimes physical affection doesn’t have to lead towards sex. We both enjoyed it and felt close and intimate.

I awoke to him spooning me, his face buried in my neck, his long arms wrapped tight around my waist. I loved being this close to him and lazily caressed his arms. It was around four and the sky was darkening for the storm.

I turn over and bury my face in his chest, listening to the thunder. Still asleep, his arms tighten around me. My hands begin to wander, wanting to turn the tables on my little clown. My fingers brush down his sinewy and lean abdomen, coming to his cock. With a single finger, I deftly stroke up and down his length.

Pennywise is beginning to wake. I can see his eyes moving under his eyelids, coming out of sleep. I add another, coaxing him further out of sleep. His eyes open as I begin to massage his balls.

I grin mischievously at him.

“Naughty, naughty, human.” He teases as he peppers kisses down my jaw. He throws the blankets off of us when he runs out of room to kiss me.

He begins to feast on my breasts and nipples as my hand slides up and down his hardening cock.

“I love you, Pennywise.” I whisper as a gasp escapes my throat.

“And I love you, my little human.”

Tonight is different. It’s beautifully sensual, our moves and minds completely in sync as the storm rages outside. I realize I don’t feel any bit of fear. We lock eyes and he winks at me knowingly, before disappearing between my legs.

He kisses down my vulva and I shudder and sigh. I paw his hair as he sucks my clit into his mouth. He twirls his tongue around it, playing me like an instrument. My hands dig into his shoulders and scratch his shoulder blades. He groans in appreciation. He thinks it’s adorable that a human marks him.

Slight pulses of warmth begin to radiate from my vulva and engulf my body. I scream his name as the pulses intensify and my orgasm ploughs through my body.

Pennywise sits up and wipes his mouth on the back of his hand, grinning luridly.

I pull him by his neck towards me, delving my tongue in his mouth. We are skin to skin. Our hands intertwine as he slides into me. He stretches me pleasurably and hits all the right spots with his length. He begins to thrust hard and fast.

“My beautiful, beautiful little human,” He says in reverence as his other hand glides up and down my sides as I writhe underneath him.

I think he’s moving in to kiss me, but he presses his forehead to mine.

The real-world blurs and I see brilliant colors, I can smell the sharp

tang of energy, and I am barreling towards something. I feel a violent crash then nothing. Time has passed, so long since the crash. I feel myself pull my consciousness from my body and float through a creek. It's cold out and the sky is grey. Soon, I find a small village of maybe hundred and fifty at best. I explore for some time, gathering my knowledge of this new place and the creatures who inhabit it. I return to my body and materialize my props and my new form; Pennywise the Dancing Clown.

Pulled by two glorious black stallions, I stand on the roof of stage car as I come into town.

"Come one, come all! I am Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, children of all ages! Ol' Pennywise is guaranteed to delight!" I call as an eager crowd begins to laugh and follow me.

I am back in my body and scream as my orgasm crashes through my body. I grab his ass to keep him inside me. He howls in completion as his seed flows into me. My husband, my mate, my lover. My soul is indelibly intertwined with his.

He sags above me, keeping most of his weight off of me. I pull him down for one last kiss, my face flushed. He moves a strand of a hair from my eyes, "What a gift you are."

"Why me, Pennywise?" I ask.

"Because you like monsters."

9. Oops a Daisy

Well, I got pregnant.

I guess it was a matter of time.

I mean, Pennywise always alluded to a possibility of offspring between us. I just thought he had a kink or something. It only came up during sex. Hell, he is one giant kink himself. Was he intentionally trying to breed with me?

I haven't even seen the fucker in days.

My body feels like a battleground. I am so sick I cannot walk, my bones hurt, my senses are on fire, I have a fever, I'm dizzy and emotional. I'm sure all my blood levels and hormones are shot. This is not what normal pregnancy symptoms should feel like. I can tell my body is reacting to having an unknown organism inside me. My immune system is trying fight it.

Who knows what I am carrying; pure light energy, a deadlight, a monster, a human, some sort of hybrid? Will this…child be okay, can it survive, thrive? Will my body abort it because the DNA is so drastically different from my own? Will it kill me?

I have nightmares about birth, about what the child will look like, how deformed it would be, blood and gore and exposed body parts and organs everywhere.

Abortion is a thought. I don't want to bring a monster into the world. I'm afraid to go into a clinic though. They may see something is different about this one. Honestly, a wire coat hanger and the remaining Lortabs from my wisdom teeth surgery are looking like pretty good friends at the moment.

It's hard to stay conscious and fall into a deep sleep, my body forcefully shutting down to save energy. I wake up with the feeling of being watched. Pennywise is staring at me like a dog wanting to play. "C'mon, I have somethin' to show you." He says, grabbing my hand and nearly yanking my arm out of socket.

“Penn, no! Jesus, calm down!” I snap.

He doesn’t look happy anymore, but he acquiesces.

“Dude, we need to talk. Like serious adult consequences talk.”

Pennywise sits down on the edge of the bed. “Oh.”

“I’m pregnant. You’re the father…obviously.”

He sits there, one of his eyes slightly off center. “And?”

“And what?” I retort.

“Why are you throwing such a hissy fit?” He asks, “I’ve known since you conceived. I can smell it.”

I smack him hard in the chest and he visibly suppresses himself from biting me. Wouldn’t want to harm the mother of your child…

“What the hell, Penn! Where the fuck have you been? You think you can knock me up and ditch me? I don’t care what you are, I will kill you!”

“If you calm down, I can explain everything.” He says calmly, like a police officer trying to control a drunk and disorderly citizen.

“My kind has bred with humans before. It’s nothin’ new. I’m not sayin’ you’re gonna have fun with it like some humans do, but you’ll get through it.”

Well, that’s one part of the problem.

“What about the child?”

“Well, the kid will be a freak of nature, but a healthy freak of nature. Shapeshifting is second nature to our kind. I promise that you will execrete something that looks human. I’ve seen hybrids before.”

“You are disgusting.” I frown at his terminology.

“Now, can I please show you somethin’?” He huffs.

“I can’t walk, Penn.”

“Then I’ll carry you.”

He wraps a blanket around me and cradles me in his arms, bridal style. “You’re gonna get cold. Real cold. When your fever breaks.”

He takes me down to the sewers. The smell and the clotted water make my sensitive stomach turn. I keep my nose buried in Pennywise’s ruffled collar.

“Jesus, Penn, is there you willingly spend time?” I hate to even call it his home.

He shrugs, “It reminds me of my world.”

He carries me through the labyrinthine tunnels and into a large, open area. In the middle is piled junk, but in the middle, is a stage car with the words, ‘PENNYWISE THE DANCING CLOWN,’ emblazed on the front with his face in chipping paint.

“Don’t look up.” Pennywise warns.

I know better than to test it.

He takes me past it and into a smaller chamber. He gently sits me down on my feet. I sway a little, but uses his weight to steady me. There’s a smaller pile here, filled with new toys; Barbies, Monster High dolls, Legos, dress up costumes, toy trucks, several different jack-in-the-boxes, a wooden riding horse, and bikes for just about every age range.

I am stunned and heart warmed by the gesture. These toys could sustain a child for years. I hate to break it to him that I would not let our child play with sewer toys, regardless if they are clean and still in their packages.

Suddenly, the sweet and rotting smell of decay assaults my nose. I rile back, into Pennywise, covering my nose with my sleeve. Earlier, the scent of laundry soap would have made me gag, but this is a welcome reprieve. In a separate pile are dozens of bodies.

“I stole all the cadavers from the morgue and hospitals in 72-mile radius.” He beams. “Our little one won’t be up for live prey for a few weeks.”

The smell makes me bend over puke, Pennywise still marveling at his accomplishment.

“It would have been better if you stockpiled things like diapers and bottles, but hey, it’s the thought that counts.” I rasp, stomach acid burning my throat.

I stand and look to Pennywise. “I’m in this if you’re in this.”

“Wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.” He replies with a lopsided grin, draping his arm around my waist.

There is a pause.

“Except maybe Disney World. Llllots of kids there.”

I roll my eyes and push him into the water.

10. Delaney

Her name is Delaney and I love her so much. She grew fast in her first weeks of life. Now, she's equivalent to a five-year-old and it hasn't been a year yet. She's very happy and always smiling. She's already reading. She loves *Where the Wild Things Are*, saying that the Wild Things are her and Daddy. I can't wait to give her my old American Girl books and introduce her to Harry Potter.

It makes sense that their aging process is that way. They are predators. Predators can't be born weak. Pennywise says her aging will slow down dramatically in a few months. It's completely possible when I die, she'll only look to be a preteen.

Her birth was precarious. I had no medical treatment my entire pregnancy. I couldn't risk it. I just did the best I could with books and the internet to help me. Even then, it was a complete guess because she was not completely human. That meant that I also delivered her by myself in the bathroom. At least Pennywise was there. He became very protective over me as the birth came closer, like a feral creature protecting his compromised mate.

Pennywise was even more obsessed with me when I was pregnant. He said he loved that he could smell himself on me and as the pregnancy progressed, he could smell our child, a mix his scent and mine. He was absolutely positive it was a boy, too. I didn't believe him, anyway.

The pregnancy was terrible. I never felt well, I never had that glow that people talked about, my hair never got thicker. Thankfully, it was a short pregnancy, only lasting five months, but what it lacked in time, it made up for in intensity.

The labor was awful. I bled to the point I was seeing stars and felt like my body, my skin was being torn apart nerve by nerve. I had to bite on a rolled-up sweater to keep from alerting the neighbors with my screams.

I held her and it was all worth it, but she did have markings of her biology. Only one, but it was significant. Her mouth was wider,

almost like a cleft palate, like someone slashed a knife through up the sides of her cheeks, towards her eyes, but the edges were clean and natural.

“It’ll close in a few hours.” Pennywise assured and they did.

Pennywise took to raising her well. Honestly, I wasn’t expecting much, but he’s very protective of his brood. He’s definitely the ‘fun’ parent. I doubt he has any concept of discipline or rules. He’ll dance with her on his hip, enchant her toys to play with her, sing silly songs with her.

She’s gorgeous with thick and curly auburn hair and the clearest baby blues. She doesn’t have Pennywise’s lazy eyes or buck teeth. No, her teeth came in like mine did, bits of crookedness here and there. I had braces as a teen, but I don’t know if I can do that with her. I don’t want to hinder the thousands of teeth I know she’s hiding.

She started walking a week after her birth and speaking coherently a few days after that.

Pennywise will screech at her and she’ll screech back. They sound like a dial up modem when they get going. It’s their language. They’re best buds.

Her shapeshifting is on par with her father’s. She can turn herself into anything she sets her little mind to. She wanted a pony? Well, she became a pony for a week, a *holographic* pony. She wanted to be a princess? She manifested herself gowns and crowns and scepters that looked so real and so expertly crafted that they could pay my bills if I had the mind sell them.

But she’s aggressive. I couldn’t breast feed her for my own safely and she is strictly carnivorous. Pennywise’s stockpile came in handy. I’m not in charge of her meals. Pennywise is in charge of that. I’d rather not see my child gnawing on a human femur. He says she’ll be ready to hunt with him in a year.

Her instincts are already showing up. I let her play in the backyard were the sunflowers were growing tall and I was on the deck writing. I heard a god-awful commotion, the sound of two bodies colliding in

the dirt and the squealing of an injured animal.

She had stalked a deer that came close to our property line and attacked it. Hearing the noise, thinking she was hurt, I ran towards the scene, distracting her and saving the deer. It ran off into the woods.

“You scared him off Mommy!” She yelled, blood covering her mouth as she crossed her arms and pouted.

She bit me as I tried to take her inside.

I decided to home school her. I hate to shut her off from the world, but I have to do my part was well. She can’t control herself. It’s hard, she wants to go play with the other kids, but I know what she’s capable of. I want to give her the world, let her have the great parts of childhood that I had and give her what I didn’t have.

Perhaps when she’s older, I can *domesticate* her further. When she’s able to understand the world and society better. I can take her out with me just as easily as a regular child, even easier actually. She doesn’t throw tantrums, just a few tears here and there when she doesn’t get her way. She’s charms the pants of everyone she meets. There are older ladies who work as door greeters at Wal Mart who adore her and she always gets a sucker at the bank from the teller.

I haven’t even told my parents that I was pregnant. Now, I have her. What can I say? I’ve been fucking a space alien that terrorizes this town and had a child with? Well, it’s the truth. It’s not that they wouldn’t believe me, my ghost hunting parents. It’s the way they’ll look at me, at her. They may be disgusted in me for this unnatural attraction.

There are moments when I just don’t care about the outside world. They are those sleepy nights when she’s in my arms, fighting to keep her blue eyes open, her finger twirling my hair and Pennywise is next to us, his long arm wrapped around us.

Those are moments when I know I am right where I need to be and that I am happy with my decisions.